body who would carry into effect Hancock's suggestions.

This Color-Sergeant, in a wild and dramatic way, stood beside Howard's frisky horse and made his little speech, which was listened to with more apparent deference than had been accorded to Hancock. I am not conscious of having any personal feeling or prejudice against Gen. Howard,-in fact I am politically the other way,-but think as a chronicler of events that I can be perfectly fair now in my estimation of men and events which occurred 25 years ago. This Color-Sergeant and Howard had a little scene up on the hill to which almost everybody else was oblivious, having as much as they could attend



INTERVIEWING GEN. PLEASONTON.

Sergeant say in quite a loud voice: "I'll take the flag down there," pointing to the stone wall just below, "if these men will stand by me." Howard replied in a low voice, tremnlons with excitement, at which the colorbearer and a few men started down toward saw or heard of them, although I have little doubt if this man lived through the battle he was favorably mentioned in Howard's report, and got his commission, as it was a brave act on the part of the color-bearer; but I can't help but think it would have looked better (to my eyes at least) if he had stopped with his colors at the wall on his way up, and not have made his little speech for apparent effect.

Perhaps some person will ask why Gens. Hancock and Doubleday did not lay claim to the credit of this manuver at the time. | at the recent Reunion, "We were overpower-Probably they did, but of this I know nothing. Howard was Hancock's senior, and as such was entitled to the command during Meade's absence. But through some hocuspocus Howard received the vote of thanks by Congress for doing that which he did not | tically solid in the South, and were on their do, and so the matter stands to-day.

HANCOCK'S IMPRESSIVENESS. Hancock was a noble-looking soldier. There was something in his appearance during a fight while on his large horse that was wonderfully impressive. Sheridan's ride up the Valley, in which his presence is credited with turning a disastrous defeat into a victory, was no more important in its results, in my estimation, than Hancock's dashing and well-timed arrival on Cemetery Hill on the afternoon of the first day of Gettysburg. There can be little doubt but that his prompt action secured the position, and his very presence while talking with Howard served to check the fugitives who were passing over the bill in droves.

It may also be asked why I bring this subject up at this late date, and after Hancock's death? For years I have avoided all talk on the subject of army experience. I would have sooner asked Hancock to take a drink in a public bar-room than to have broached this matter to him. He was not the sort of man who invited everybody's opinion. He always impressed me, and I was near him often, with the feeling that he was the ideal Regular soldier, and could only be approached through official channels. It was probably to this disposition to leave everything to official reports that can be attributed the fact that he did not always obtain through the newspapers the shaved, with the exception of a short-trimmed credit to which he was clearly entitled.

I therefore contend that Hancock is the here of Gettysburg, not only of the third, but of the first day; and had he been in supreme command and remained unharmed, Gen. Lee would not have gotten away so easily; the war might have ended a year sooner than it did, and more than likely Gettysburg would have been in history what Appomattox now is, while Grant would have equally divided honors with Hancock. I sometimes think that, like a great many other good Generals in the East, Hancock became soured by the promotion of Grant's Western men to the best positions in the Army of the Petemac.

GRAND OLD ARMY OF THE POTOMAC! Noble, patient, long-suffering Army of the Potemac. Its greatest battles were fought while Meade and Hancock were subordinates, before Grant came out of the West to

lead it to the Wilderness and Cold Harbor. Everybody on Cemetery Hill did their ntmost to check the shattered column which had been doubled back from the right and the officers and men thrown into confusion; and the lew men of the staff had a hard time well known to everybody who has had any is a resistless mountain torrent.

I became so much engaged in this work personally, that for a while I neglected to look around to see what was happening elsewhere. The men had come up from the town, and all stopped on the hill behind the wall, their guns cocked and lying across the poor place of Colonel or Major on the retired

I was seated on my horse by the side of the big arched fancy gate of the old Cemetery, and before I suspected that the rebels were near a minie-ball struck the brickwork of the gate, which I found upon examination was but a few feet above my head.

"NOBODY'S CHILD." I had turned briskly around in search of some of my recent companions to tell them | phia.' that evidently the rebel sharpshooters had secured places on the roofs, when I was almost paralyzed to discover that they had disappeared; scarcely anybody to be seen, gave a lot of infantry who were hugging the tach your name to the Porter bill." ground all around. Not being under the orders of any particular officer, I was, of look out for myself. I hurriedly got behind | which he replied: the hill, when to my consternation I heard for the first time the rapid, sharp hammerlike firing over on Culp's Hill, which seemed to me to be directly in our rear. It is a tysburg. geometrical fact that the rebels were almost in the rear of our position on Cemetery Hill. A glance at a map will explain this. Cemetery Hill projects like the point or promontory of a peninsula out into the sea of the

The first thing I did was to look around for as any man there-Gregg, of Reading. My of one vote,

get me out safely. But he was nowhere in | cavalry, supported by Reynolds," sight; neither was Doubleday, Howard or any

awful big mistake in allowing the men up there to be caught in the rear while lying behind the stone wall looking in the opposite direction. I was not the only one who entertained ority. But future events proved that Haucock was right and we were all wrong.

I went back over the same old road slong which I had dashed so gallantly in the morning, and did not stop until safely established

PLEASONTON AND GETTYSBURG. As another historical fact about the disputed question of securing the position on the first day, I will relate what I personally heard Gen. Pleasonton say regarding this point. Everybody knows that Pleasonton commanded the Cavalry Corps of the Army of the Potomac, and he had for subordinate division commanders such gallant men as Custer, Kilpatrick and Buford, of the First, Second and Third Divisions, which gained for that army most of the glory it achieved-a great deal of which Sheridan gets the credit for to-day. Pleasonton, like Meade, Hancock and a number of other Eastern Generals, became soured at the promotion of the Western men over them, which

fact should not detract from this story, as it has no bearing upon this subject under discussion. I have heard Pleasonton say repeatedly that he had the evidence that Lee was making for Gettysburg during the Antietam campaign the year previous to the great battle, and that he, in anticipation of this fact, sent a Prussian (who was an officer on his staff, whose name is entirely too long to remember and too hard to spell) with a squad of cavalry to Gettysburg, and that this officer made a careful topographical map of the country, which map was filed among McClellan's papers, and Pleasonton claims this document will yet be found to establish the correctness of his statement. Looking at the matter as a professional soldier, Pleasonton discovered that Lee had wisely selected Gettysburg for the battleground, as all the roads to Washington, Philadelphia and Baltimore centered or crossed at that place, and it was strategetically a good point for rapid concentration. Besides this, he could fight his army with the South Mountain like a great wall at his back, with the Potomac and Susquethe stone wall, which was the last I ever | hanna on either flank, so that in case of disaster the passes of the mountain would easily protect a retreat. You will observe that the

above is pretty fair military logic. Now, Gen. Pleasonton asserts that, knowing these matters a year previous, he had, as Chief of Cavalry, sent Buford out in 1863 to secure the position in advance of Lee's anticipated concentration. This is important, if true, and I will be glad to furnish THE NATIONAL TRIB-UNE Gen. Picasonton's autograph for the state-

We all know that Buford did go out alone, and after a careful personal examination of the with Keynolds's assistance, until, as rebel orators say, and as was repeated by some of them They seem to forget that it was the Union forces who were overpowered the first and second days. As a rule, the forces actually engaged were pretty evenly matched in all the great battles. It is becoming monotonous to hear the rebels say: "We were overpowered by numbers and resources." They were pracown danghill, and besides this great advantage-equal to an army of observation-they had the active aid and sympathy of another army of Copperheads in our rear, while the English nation vied with the French in supplying them with the very best munitions of war. Of course there was only a small proportion, comparatively, in number who surrendered to Gen. Grant, but there was as many more deserters who came into our lines anofficially, and I give it as my private opinion that these blowers were among this lot. I wish some one well versed would look up

distory and see if in all the wars which have occurred in the world, there is an instance to be found of so great a surrender of men and arms, where they had such aid and resources, with supposed right and liberty at stake. I always get a little bit wild when discussing this question of "overpowering and resources.

When the officers of the law attempt to arrest a desperado in his familiar haunts, they do not usually go alone, to be shot down by the murderer. It is always conceded that one man inside his own castle, acting in defense of his family, is fully equal to a dozen attacking him from the outside. Still the Confederates continue to blow about this matter-they even did so at Gettysburg. In 1861 they claimed that one Southerner was equal to five Yankees, while in 1888 it is "We were overpowered."

AN INTERVIEW WITH PLEASONTON. Recently I met Gen. Pleasonton in the reading-room of Willard's Hotel, in Washington city, and had quite an interview with him. He can be found nearly every evening sitting in the same chair reading the papers. He is what would be called a quiet, elderly, goodooking man, one who would attract attention a word." in any crowd. Always neatly dressed, he has quite a dudish appearance. His face is cleanly gray mustache. He is very gentlemanly and courteous in his manners, and no matter who addresses him, he will rise to his feet, salute, and remain standing until the person talking to him has finished or found a seat. Everything about Gen. Pleasonton stamps him the gentleman by birth, breeding and education. Yet this man is to day a beggar at the feet of the Government, and like many other of his companions-in-arms who served this same Goverament in its hour of need, is broken bearted, discouraged and bitterly soured because his claims for recognition have been for years ignored. He is impecunious and it is understood is supported by his brother, who lives in

I introduced my boy to the General, with the remark: "This is my dear old General-Pleasonton—the man who told us what to do in the war, and we had to do it when he bade us, no matter if we were killed in doing it." the Cavalry Reunion of the Army of the Potomac has been held at Saratoga, and that Sickles again refers to you as he did at Gettysburg. | gered. Why don't you attend these affairs? The boys. would give you a good time. The mere mention of your name by Sickles at Gettysburg raised a storm of cheers; when he said; "If Sapoleon had received such aid as Hunt, of

killed there on both sides." "But, General," I persisted, "it would do you good, and would agitate favorably your claim for being placed on the retired list." "Oh, no! if they don't want to give me the

ist without my going over the whole war again, it's all right." "The Senate desires to have you placed on the retired list. I happen to know that Ex-Senator Sewell and Senators Don Cameron and Manderson have been quietly working in your] interest in this direction. The difficulty, however, is that President Cleveland has established a precedent by his false interpretation of

know, in the case of Gen. ---, of Philadel-"Oh! yes, I know all about that; but the fact remains that Fitz-John Porter was placed on the retired list, and he had been out of the army for some years."

"Yes, and Senator Teller endeavored to at-But seeing that the General was pained by a discussion of this question, I again pressed course, like "nobody's child," and had to him to attend the Reunion at Gettysburg, to

"No; I'll never go there again. It's just as Sickles says about Gettysburg; that those Pennsylvania fellows won't allow anybody but their own men to have anything to do with Get-

"Well, General, you must not forget that it was the Pennsylvania Generals-Reynolds, Hancock and Meade-who fought that battle." BUFORD AND REYNOLDS FOUGHT THE BATTLE. "It was Buford and Reynolds. But they

Hancock, thinking if he was somewhere about boy, it was the cavalry that saved that field for I would attach myself to him as a means to Pennsylvania, and Buford commanded the

As the General seemed in the humor for talkof the big guns I had just left on the hill, and | ing, I reminded him of a conversation I once glancing down the Baltimore road to the rear, | overheard between himself and Gen. Buford a I saw such signs of general commotion that it | few days after the battle, in which Pleasonton gave me the impression that we were going to | was explaining to Buford that he had recommended him and Gregg, as well as Custer and | He has a Thrilling Adventure in the Far West. I thought then that Hancock had made an | Kilpatrick, for promotion to Major-Generals,

" Yes," said the General, with animation, " remember that distinctly. I kept telling Meade be had better hurry his own men's promotion, because we all expected the Western fellows this opinion at that juncture, by a large ma- would come in with Grant, and as they were Stanton's favorites, they would rank us out of our commands when they got into our army. Meade always said that he had made the recommendations and did all he could to secure the promotions; but, you know, Meade was not near Gen. Pleasonton, and so far to the rear | the man to press such matters. Besides, the to at the time themselves. But I heard the | that the sound of guns did not disturb my rest | War Department was always working against | the old Army of the Potomac. Stanton was atraid of us Union Generals who happened to Kentucky.

stanch a loyalist as Thomas or any other Southern man. I belonged in his brigade, and body else, became quite attached to the genial

Well," said Pleasonton, "Buford died here in Washington of a broken heart. This is the an earnest and half-confidential manner: "You | orthography. know, of course, how dear to the old soldier of the Regular Army is the question of rank. It is a subject ever uppermost in his mind and ong enough to talk we would get on this subect of rank and promotion. I told him that I nad officially notified Meade that he was entitled to his two stars for his Gettysburg fight, the first day alone, and said that Meade always agreed with me as to that. One day, when talking together, I said jokingly, 'Say, Buford, whenever the Government at Washington cars that we are dangerously hurt and are sure to die they will give us our rapk. They are afraid to trust us Southern fellows too far. "Buford laughed good-naturedly about this

told him to go up to Washington and put himself under the care of the doctors. "My idea at the time," said the General, was to have Buford in Washington, where we had arranged that our friends in Congress would get to meet him personally. He was too | It awl happened this away. much of a soldier to hunt up political influence himself, so Meade, Gregg and some more of us out up this scheme; for we all knew if the President could but see and talk with him it would overcome Stanton's suspicions, for to

at the time, but he never forgot it; and as he

got full of rheumatism down on the Rapidan,

kept brooding over the matter. So one day I

know Buford personally was to love him. "Well, I had on my staff a Surgeon who was one of those good-hearted, earnest fellows who wanted to do all they could, but at times allowed zeal to everride discretion. I sent this Doctor along with Buford because he had some political acquaintance—none of the rest of us had. Buford got to Washington, and instead position, he drave back and held the ground, of hunting up his friends, shut himself up in his room and was soon down sick in bed. He was nothing serious the matter with him. The Doctor attended him occasionally, but put in | that'll take him awa-say to Alasky? most of his time at the Capitol among his own friends, or getting up delegations to call on the President in the interest of Buford's nomination. One day it occurred to this fool Doctor to tell the President that Buford was liable to on the next trane. I cant die. Either the President or Stanton inquired particularly as to Buford's chances of recovery, nd also as to the prospect of his dying. The loctor had heard my joke to Buford, and his easant way of taking it made the Doctor | milk, sezzee; think that to exaggerate his illness would hasten his promotion. So one day, with this purse in view, he rushed to the War Departent in great distress and told the President and Secretary that Buford would surely die. He told me subsequently that he did not say he would die, or that it was likely to occur

"The President, after conversing with Stanon, authorized the Surgeon to say to Buford that he should have his rank at once. Without any other thought than that he was doing a kindness for his General, the energetic little Surgeon rushed to Buford's house, unceremoniously entered the sick man's room and blatantly announced the good news to him.

"The Doctor told me with some show of feelng when I questioned him regarding this," said Pleasonton, "that Buford looked at him from his bed in a dazed sort of way, and without uttering a word of thanks, turned his face to the wall. He imagined the General was so overcome by the good news that he had simply turned his head to hide his overflowing celings of gratitude, and, therefore, did not listurb him for a while.

"When he went to him a few moments afterward, he found that Gen. Buford had died a

Major-General. 'I knew Buford intimately, and there never has been any doubt in my mind that the thought occurred to him at the time he was so depressed in spirits that the Doctor had satisfied himself and the President that his case was hopeless, and the President had agreed to gratify his wish at the last hour. So he turned his face to the wall and died without saying

[To be continued,] How a Pig Caused the War of 1812.

[St. Nicholas.] It all happened in this wise: Two citizens of Providence, R. I., fell into a most unseemly lisenssion on account of the lawless trespassings of a pig owned by one of them. The aggrieved party possessed a very fine garden, in which it was his custom to spend his hours of leisure, weeding, grafting, and transplanting the flowers and vegetables in which he delighted. But often, as he entered his garden in the evening, his ears would be saluted with a grunt and a rustle, and the fat form of his neighbor's pig might be seen making a hasty flight from the garden, in which it had been placidly rooting all day.

In high dudgeon the gardener sought his neighbor and complained of the pig's frequent visits, declaring that a little time spent in repairing the pig-sty would restrain the animal's toying propensities. But to this the owner of the pig responded that if his neighbor would I then said to the General: "I notice that | keep his rickety fences in proper repair, the pig might take its daily airing without temptation, and the garden would not be endan-

Repeated misdeeds on the part of the pig fanned the smoldering fires of dissensions into the flames of open hostility. At last the crisis came. The owner of the garden, rising unusually early one morning, discovered the pig Artillery, and Pleasonton, of Cavalry, had given | contentedly munching the last of a fine bed of and the lew men of the staff had a hard time the Army of the Potomac there, they would tulip-bulbs. Flesh and blood could stand it no have been made Field Marshals on the spot." "No," said Pleasonton, in his quiet way, "I hand, the outraged gardener plunged its sharp with the army, a body of men | never go to such places; they are graveyards | times into the hapless pig, and bore the body, since broken are about as hard to control as | to me. Sickles wrote me urging that I attend | thus fatally impaled, to the sty, where it met the Gettysburg Rennion last year, but I didn't | the gaze of its owner an hour or two later, care to go; for some of my best friends were | Thereafter it was war to the knife between the two neighbors.

Now, what had all this do with the war of 1812? The answer is simple. The two neighbors belonged to the political party knows as the Federalists.

Through all the outrages that Great Britain inflicted upon the United States; while seamen were being impressed, American vessels stonped on the high seas, and while every possible flag of the United States, the Federalists remained friendly to Great Britain, and contested every proposition for the declaration of war. But the Democratic party was eager for war, Of German Emperors before him, Albrecht II and as British oppression became more unbearthe law to suit the Confederate Cabinet, as you | able the strength of the Democrats increased. | It so happened that the election district in which the two neighbors lived had been about equally divided between Democrats and Federalists, but the latter party had always succeeded in carrying the election. But in 1811 the owner of the garden was a candidate for the Legislature on the Federalist ticket. His neighbor had always voted that ticket: but now, with his mind filled with the bitter recollection of the death of his pig, he cast his ballot for the Democrat. When the ballots

elected by a majority of one. When the newly-elected legislator took his seat, his first duty was to vote for a United States Senator. He cast his vote for the candidate of the Democrats, who was also elected by a majority of one. When this Senator took his place in the United States Senate he found the question of war with Great Britain pending, and after a long and bitter discussion it came to a vote. The Democrats voted for war, and rebel army, which was apparently on three seem to have overlooked another Pennsylvania the Federalists against it. As a result of the man-one of my Brigadiers, who did as much | voting, war was declared-again by a majority

were counted the Democrat was found to be

HUMOR.

POKEBERRY NOSE.

The long-continued absence from our sanctum of our loquacious visitor, the Hon, Pokeberry Nose, of Dog Fennel Creek, has given us some uneasiness. We could not imagine what had become of him, unless peradventure some brutal joker had decoyed him into a bathroom, and a sudden opening of the pores had deprived the Lost Cause of an adherent, and Dog Fennel Creek of one of its leading citizens. We did not connect his absence with the fact that the last time he was in he succeeded in borrowing \$1.75 to bury a friend. (We are always willing be born a little bit South. I am a native of | to help bury one of Pokeberry's friends, and the District of Columbia, and Buford was from | are frequently in the mood to do something to them that will make burial the only thing to I interrupted here, saying: "Buford was as be done for them.) No, Pokeberry was not the man to stay away on that account. He was was attached to his headquarters long enough | more likely to be encouraged to come back and to become satisfied of this fact, and, like every- work some other game for another \$1.75. We foreign country. are relieved from our anxiety by the reception of the following letter, which we give with all the old gentleman's peculiarities of spelling, way it happened," said the General, as he drew | for there is nothing he is so resentful of-next up closer to me and began to tell the story in to weakening his whisky—as medding with his

"My spellin'" he would say, "is my own bizniss; an' 'taint nobody else's. It's the way eart. Whenever Buford and I got together | my father spelled afore me, an' it's the way I'll spell ez long ez I live. I haint no use for this it's corrupted our people with bad ideas." Here is his letter:

> EMTIBOTTLE RANCH. STARVATION P. O., ARIZONY, June the 10th. DEAR MISTUR EDITUR: Air a wunderin' what has bekum ov your valued frend an advizer? Hev u put on kraip, thinkin that grim ole Ketch-Us-All-Finally had ferried me over Jurdan, an rit mi ad-dress on a tumestone? Ef u hev u air fuled—that's awl. Ime rite hear on top ov the ground, but I've hed ez narrer a shaive ez ever a man hed. I got so

blaimed nigh the sweet bi-and-bi, that I kude smel the varnish on mi coffin—or at leest I that I kude. I wuz only saived by the kurredje an faithulness ov mi muel. Sence then Ive hed a grate hainj ov hart bout muels. I yoused ter kuss an am them kase I didnt think they hed humin feelins saim ez ahoss or a dog but He never do so no more. After I had sot round the room ov that big-bug offishl in Washington for four or five months waiting for mi appintment, he seamed to gro weery ov mi sassiety. One day

after I hed talked to him soshubly fur a our or 2 on the craps, the wether an the noos from Dog Fennel Krik without his ed up sorter mad like, an went into the nex rume, whair his clurk wuz, an' I heered him sai:
"In the name ov awl

thet's maddenin, Tomson, how am I to git rid ov that ole run in thair afore he drives me clene daft with his drivel? Is thair anything that we kin give him "Thairs that Injun Inspector thet the Patchees sculpt last weeke," sez Tomson; "Less give him

he must git outen town. out his appintment towunst.' Then he kum out an sez, ez smoothe ez noo 4 "I want to send a good man out to inspeck the Injuns in Arizony, an he must go right away, for them air lojuns haint been inspeckted for a long time, an they need it powerful bad. I nev chose u for the plaise.

Kin u go by the next

"The very thing, but

"I kin," I said firmly, for I node the Injuns kudent be no wuss then Ide seed it on Dog Fennel Krik. "Ef the pay's good, an thair is something So I kum out here, in sich haste that I didnt hev no chans to bid u good-by. He say it now.

At the cend ov the rajerode they gin me a mucl

to ride over to the post what I wuz 2 do my inspecking. He was 1 muel, with a white i, an the souljers kawld him 'Forty Rods," kaws he TO THE wuz so dedly. He bit the sholder offen wun Mexikin, and kikt in three ribs ov another, ez they wuz holdin him for me to mount, but I wuz

never skeered bi enny

muel that wuz ever foled. so I straddled him an started. I hadnt gon moren five mile, when I see a big grizly bare standin on a rock lookin me over with an i to hevin me for brekfuss. He lookt ez ef he wanted brekfuss powerful bad, an I speckt he did,

or he woodent hev gone for me. I stuk the spurs into Forty Rods, an the way he it out wuz a kaushn for snaiks. But it want no ort ov good. A grizly huntin a meel of vittels kin run fastern enny muel in the world. In a mouty few minits he wuz right behine me, an reechin fu me with a paw ez long ez a fens-rale, an klaws on it it like the tines ov a pichfork. Ez I riz in the saddi-I ride Inglish fashn, u nohe maid a swipe, an ketcht me in the sect ov mi

pants. Fortnitly they wug wore thin thair, from so much settin round watein fur mi appintment an they giv way, an I wuz flung off into the brush. I gethered miself up the minit I lit an klum a tree, an then I saw Forty Rods let loose his rite bower on the squair in the ribs, maik-in him grunt till u kood hey heerd him a mile. Then Forty Rods sockt

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n his left bower nigh the saim plais, an he kep up the tattoo till afore 2 minnits I dont beleav thair wuz a hull bone that bares boddy. I waited till I wuz kwite dure that the bare wuz past doin enny more devment, when I krawld down from the tree an went up to Forty Rods, who wuz a settin bak on hiz nches, with wun ov his white eyes klosed in a

wink, an a look in the other sayin ez plane ez "Hows that far a clean nok-out? Aint I a slugger from Singtown? Got enny more bares round here layin fur fresh mete?

I tuk holt ov his rite fore paw, an shuk it with admirin gratitood, ez I "Mi boy, u air a trump. U air, in fack, awl the trumps in the pack. Ime wyore frend for life. shant never go hungry

while thair is a corn-crib in the kountry that I kin a daisy, Smith? brake into."

Ef u think this troothful an pleezin narrashu will interest an instruck the peepl, an teech them to luv an admire the noble-minded muel, u mout

print it in the Nashul Tryboon. Send some marked koppys to the boys on Dog Fennel Krik, Mi pen is poor, mi ink is pail, But mi love for u (an the muel) shall never fale.

N. B.-Whair kin I jing the Sassiety for the Prevensh ov Kruelty to muels? The Shorfest Reign.

[Paris American Register.]

The late Emperor Frederick III reigned just

for so short a space of time, that family belong-

ing more particularly to the long-lived ones. ruled from 1438 to 1439, and Leopold II from 1790 to 1792. A Dude Bridegroom,

[Detroit Free Press.] "How do I look, Dicky?" Dicky is the "best man" and a brother dude. He replies with great fervor: "Oh, splendid, deah boy, splendid." "Weally, Dicky?" "'Pon honah, old fellow."

"Me necktie all right, Dicky?" "Yes, yes-everything's all right." "Weally, Dicky?" "'Pon honah, dear boy.' "Me coat sets well in the back, Dicky?" "Couldn't be bettah." "Weally, Dicky?"

"O, Dicky!" "Well, deah boy?" "Isn't there a winkle, a great, horrid winkle in my right glove?" " No-'pon bonah." "Oh, I'm so glad, for-O, Dicky!"

" Yes, weally."

"Well, me boy?"

smoothing my hair down a little on the left side?"

"With pleasure, old fel." "Ah, thanks."

"How do you feel, me boy?" "A twiffe nervous, Dicky." "Ah, brace up, brace up, me boy."

"What time is it, Dicky?" "A quarter to 8." "Ah! Almost time for the ceremony. Hanged if I don't wish it was all over with. You sure I look all right, Dicky?"

Splendid, old fel. "Ah, thanks awfully, deah boy, I'm a twiffe pale, eh, Dicky?"

"A mere twifle." "Ah, thanks. Would you mind fanning me

a little, Dicky?" "With pleasure, me boy." "O, Dicky, what if I should faint?"

"There, there, me boy; don't get nervous." "Hanged if I can help it. Ah, it's time to meet Helen, and I look all right. I-my necktie-I-my trousers-for I-I-my hair, Dicky, my hair, I-I-O, Dicky, I'm so nervous!"

Foreign, Not Domestic. [Judge.] Jobson-I understand Blobson's wife is not a very domestic woman. Robson-No wonder! She was born in

Free Medical Advice.

[N. Y. Sun.]

"I am on my way home, doctor," said a citizen, who was after some free advice, " and I'm tired and worn out. What ought I to take?" "Take a cab," replied the intelligent physi-

> A Pertinent Ouestion. [New York Sun.]

Woman (to tramp)-I ean't give you any-Yankee schoolmaster way of spellin'. It's the | thin' to eat just now; but I've got some pies in way they used to write Abolishn editorials, and | the oven, an' if you want to saw wood until they're done, I'll give you a piece. Tramp-How near are the pies done, ma'am?

The Ambidextrous Lobster.

[Lewiston Journal.]

The lobster catches his food with his right claw and masticates it with his left. While he | cle. is fighting with one hand he is eating with the other. He lives from hand to hand instead of from hand to mouth.

He Succumbed. [Time.]

Ed-Do you love me, Lena? Lena-I think so. I dream of you every

Ed-What is your dream? Lena-I see you at Tiffany's-looking at diamond rings.

Like Cures Like.

[New York Sun.] Bobby had made himself sick by surreptitiously eating too many jam tarts. "Now, Bobby," coaxed his mother, "if you

will take this medicine like a little man you sain nothin bak he jump- | can have almost anything you like," "Can I have some more jam tarts, ma?"

Rather Have the Boy Whipped. [Judge.]

very busy writing an editorial. Office Boy (10 minutes later)-Man down stairs wants to know who wrote that article in yesterday's paper. Editor-Go back and tell him you wrote it.

> Bad Outlook. [Texas Siftings.]

I'm not feeling first-rate to-day.

married before."

Minister's wife (with an eye to business)-Is Mr. Smith, whose marriage ceremony you are to perform to-day, a liberal man, dear? Minister-He has the reputation of being "Oh, William, perhaps he may give you a very generous fee!

> The Ruling Passion. [N. Y. Sun.]

"Rather doubtfal, I think. He has been

Gentleman-What's the matter, Uncle Ras-Uncle Rastus-Yes, sah, I ate er whole watermelyun' larst night jess 'fore I went ter bed, an' I ain't feelin' bery well dis mawnin'. Gentleman-Are you going to see a doctor? Uncle Rastus-No, sah; Ise gwine fo' anudder melvun.

Russian Fun.

[Burlington Free Press.] The Russian law forbids jokes on "religion, politics, officials, the law, your neighbor, the Czar's highways, and the weather, which is made for all." We always supposed that the reason there were no funny men in Russian journalism was because the "j" box couldn't stand the racket; but we see our mistake now.

Highly Recommended. [New York Sun,] Customer (to cigar dealer)-I want a fine

igar, something good. Dealer-There is a genuine Ypsilanti, sir, 20 cents; nothing finer in the market. Customer-You can recommend it? Dealer-I should say I could; my clerk

smokes them exclusively. Brought Up on a Fork.

[N. Y. Sun.] Chicago Lady (to tramp)-Why don't you eat that pie with the knife instead of your fingers? Haven't you got any manners? Tramp-That's the trouble, madame; my manners are too refined. I can't eat pie with a knife, and to spare your feelings, I refrained madam, and fork bred.

> Collections Slow. [New York Sun.]

Brown-Can you let me have the \$5 you owe ne, Robinson? Robinson-Can't do it, possibly, old man; I'm just off for a month's vacation, and will need every cent I've got. Brown (a month later)-How about that lit-

le V, Robinson; can you let me have it now?

Robinson-Wha-at! Why, man alive, I'm ust back from a month's vacation! Not Much of a Baby.

Smith-That's not a bad-looking baby in hat carriage, Cricks. Cricks (stopping the carriage)-No-no; but I've got one at home about the same size who baby is this? Nurse-Well, sor, I only wint with the leddy this mornin'; but Oi think her name is Mrs.

Cricks-Hi, there, you little fat rascal. Don't you know your own popsey wopsey? Aint he Maine Thrift. [Augusta (Me.) Journal.]

marble shop last Autumn with the marks of solves in the oil. The liquid, upon cooling, it is affliction on his countenance, and after explain- said, becomes like tallow, and is hard to ing that one of his sons had died, sorrowfully inquired the price of a tombstone. After looking | ble for fuel, over the various styles and endeavoring to beat down the dealer, he remarked confidentially, with a glance at his consumptive-looking wife who sat on the buckboard outside, that he "didn't think Marthy would winter, and he guessed he'd wait and buy two stones at once," to get a reduction. Marthy "wintered," but indignity was being committed against the 99 days. He was the first ruler of the house she didn't "spring," and a few days ago the and Raffet's poems, and painted by scores of of Hohenzollern who has occupied the throne old man appeared again, shipped a couple of aspiring French artists. At a recent search tombstones home, and went on his way.

He was Off.

A dozen linemen were busy for two hours yesterday raising a new telegraph pole on Seventh street, says the Detroit Free Press. When they began digging the hole an old chap came along and inquired: "Going to raise a pole, eh?" " Yes."

"Guess I'll take it in. I allus did believe in opening the campaign early." He sat down on a doorstep until the pole was up, and then, as some of the men were going away, he asked: "Isn't there going to be any speeches?"

"We don't generally have any," replied the man, "but you can make one if you wish." "Wouldn't it be putting myself forward?" " Oh, no !"

"Nobody engaged, ch?" "No one."

"Say, you!" he continued, as he squinted aloft, "which party is it?" "The telegraph party." "Oh, shucks! Somebody move we adjourn, for I don't vote that ticket!"

Equally safe for young or old, Ayer's Sarsa-"Would you mind taking the brush and parilla cleanses the blood from all impurities.

FOR THE LADIES.

-Out in Morocco a girl sits still and grows fat before marriage. In this country she does all that work after marriage - Atlanta Constitution. -A bireh-bark canoe and a girl who loves to flirt are two of the several things in this world that a man can never safely trust.—Journal of Education.
—Miss Fambrough, of Scull Shoals, Fla., is a young woman of nerve and presence of mind. The other day her father's Jersey bull attacked him, and was in a fair way to kill him. His wife saw him fall and ran toward him, but the daughter, more thoughtful, first got the ax, and running up hit the bull such a tremendous whack that it stun-ed him, so that the father had a chance to get up, grab the ax, and bury its head in the scull of the

-There is a woman in Belfast, Me., who is shrewd, if not particularly honest. Somehow she got possession of a punched \$5 gold piece. She wanted to pass it for its full value, and she did. She calmly walked into a store, pulled out the coin, showed it to the merchant, and said that it was a keepsake with which she was loathe to part, but that if the storekeeper would promise not to part with it for a week she would buy a small bill of goods, and redeem it in a few days. The merchant agreed, gave the woman her goods and change, and still has the punched coin, though the week has gone several times over.

-Ex-Queen Isabelia if Spain is said to be coarse grained in appearance. She ought to be. She has sowed wild outs for years.—New York World. -A Summer home at Toms River, where the cash girls in the large stores can enjoy their vacation without any cost to themselves, is the latest charity devised by some of the philanthropic merchants of New York.

- The Rev. James Freeman, the grandfather of Dr. James Freeman Clark, was pastor of the his-toric King's Chapel, in Boston. In 1785 he re-modeled the Liturgy and left the word "obey" out of the marriage service. It has never been used in the service of that church since. Dr. Clark naturally was not behind his grandfather, and never used the word in his marriage service.-

- Rose Elizabeth Cleveland will go to Europe next year to pursue her literary studies. -Miss Gertrude Hutchins and Miss M. Smith, two women who have been viewing the mountain resorts in northern parts of the State, arrived in ramento recently and viewed the sights of the capital city. They are accompanied by a large dog which they call Sullivan. They carry pistols and blankets, and sleep wherever night overtakes them. They now propose to travel over the south-ern part of the State, with the avowed object of writing a book. They refuse to tell when came, but some say they are residents of San Franeisco, while others think they are two eccentriresidents of Plumas County .- San Francisco Chroni-

- Rebecca Nourse, "the plous witch of 1692, was remembered the other day, when some 43 or her decendants met and picnicked in her honor at Danvers Center, Mass. They visited the old house of the witch and her grave, and then subscribed \$200 with which to buy a tablet on which shall be inscribed the names of the 40 friends who defended

her at her trial. -The wise husband never learns how to distinguish plants from weeds in his little wifey's flower garden. Thus he saves himself lots of backache, and little wifey has strong inducement to take some needed outdoor exercise.—Somerville Journal.

— The French Minister of War has decided to award the Cross of the Legion of Honor to Mme. Drouan at the coming July fete. She was the faithful attendant of the 59th Regiment of infantry dur ing the war in 1870, behaving with the utmost valor during the battles about Metz, and attending to the officers and men even when they were under heavy fire, until she was taken prisoner.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

- "Mike" Kelly, the \$10,000 blossom of the Boston League team, is just recovering from a severe cold. A professional brother, doubtless jealous of him, says he wonders how he managed to catch it. Editor-John, if anybody calls tell him I am You can't call a man any harder name than he has already - Burlington Free Press

> - Jay Gould is suffering from insomnis -Oliver P. Rahm, the inventor of the selfscratching match, is living quietly in Booneville, N. Y. He is now an old man, and his fortune, estimated at \$250,000, gives him every comfort and successfully keeps the wolf from the door. His famous match was an inspiration which came to him in sleep. On retiring he had attempted to light his gas with an ordinary match and had burned his fingers. He had a dream which suggested the device by which he made a fortune, - Lew Wallace must have base-ball, and so oults

work on the Harrison biography at 3 o'clock whenever there is a good game in Indianapolis. - New York has 800,000 Roman Catholics, and the value of their church property is \$30,000,000. - The bill providing for the payment of salaries to members of the House of Commons in England was defeated the other day by a majority of only 57 in a total vote of 227. The number of those who are willing to be paid for their services is increas

- A hen was found confined in a car of lumber from Tennessee recently received at Belfast, Me. having been two or three weeks on the way. The fowl was alive, but nearly famished. It recovered, and is doing well. - A leading English Judge is hard of hearing, and recently, it is said, there was frequent applause during the hearing of a case before him. He sienced it several times, but after a while came an

he exclaimed; "These demonstrations are most unseemiy! If they continue I shall have the court cleared at once!" But the noise the Judge had heard was a peal of thunder from a storm that had suddenly come up.

— The condition of the slave trade may be estimated when it is learned that Cardinal Lavigirie, Archbishop of Algiers and Carthage, has felt it to be his duty to go to Europe to denounce its continuation. He has lately delivered most impassioned harangues from the pulpit of St. Sulpice Paris. He says that the evidence is that 400,000

that, taking into account those killed in capturing them and the deaths from barbarous treatmen the slave trade counts 2,000,000 victims every year. SCIENTIFIC CHAT.

slaves are annually sold on the African shores, and

-Dr. R. W. St. Clair writes the Medical Sum mary as follows: "Nine persons out of every it with a cinder or any foreign substance in the eye will instantly begin to rub the eye with one hand while hunting for their handkehief with the other They may, and sometimes do, remove the offend ing cinder, but more frequently rub until the eye secomes inflamed, bind a handerchief around th head, and go to bed. This is all wrong. The better way is not to rub the eye with the cinder in at all ut rub the other eye as vigorously as you like A few years since I was riding on an engine. engineer threw open the front window, and caught a cinder that gave me the most excruciatin pain. I began to rub the eye with both hands Let your eye alone, and rub the other eye (thi from the engineer). I know you doctors think yo know it all; but if you let that eye alone and rub from asking for a fork. I'm an Eastern man, the other one, the einder will be out in two min-madam and fork heed. other eye, and soon I felt the cinder down near the nner canthus, and made ready to take it out. Le t alone and keep at the well eye, shouted the docto pro tem. I did so for a minute longer, and, looking n a small glass he gave me, I found the offender n my check. Since then I have tried it many imes, and have advised many others, and I have ever known it to full in one instance (unless was as sharp as a piece of steel, or something that nt into the ball, and required an operation to renove it.) Why it is so, I do not know, but that it s so I do know; and that one may be saved much suffering if they will let the injured eye alone and rub the well eye."

- Several of the French railway companies, and other public bodies, have adopted the practice of having their printing done on green instead of white paper. The reason for this alteration is that hey have concluded that the combination of white paper with black characters endangers the eye-sight of their work-people. Black on green has always been recognized as a good combination for is worth a dozen of it. (To nurse)-Whose | this purpose, and many railway tickets are so

-A weather prognosticator and amateur artist of Prague has painted a landscape colored with the saits of cobalt. These colors are very sensitive to oisture, and are made still more so by mixture with gelatine. With an increasing amount of moist ure in the atmosphere, the blue heavens of the picture assume a dirty red hue, and the green grass and foliage, as well as the background, etc., are - In Russia they are trying to find some way of have done it by heating the oil, and adding to it An old gentleman came into an Augusta from one to three per cent, of soap, which dis

> The Cost of Napoleon's Greatcoats. [Pall Mall Guzette.]

slow to burn, and without smoke, but develope

much heat. The idea makes the petroleum availa-

Of all the historical garments which crowd the great museums of the world none are more famous than the "gray overcoat" and "chapeau" of Napoleon I, celebrated in Beranger's through the archives of the times of the great conqueror the tailor's and hatter's account for some of these articles of clothing has been found, and it appears that for each of his 'chapeaux castor" he paid 60f., while his 'redingotes grises" cost him 160f. apiece. The overcoats were always made very wide, for, contrary to the custom of the officers of that period, Napoleon never took off his epaulets.

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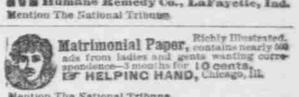
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